

# THE CAROLINA SPARTAN.

BY CAVIS & TRIMMIEB.

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## CAROLINA SPARTAN.

### THE THREE NUMBERS.

The annals of the police of all countries present the darkest pictures. Take any civilized government—and the greater the civilization the greater the crime—examine its records, not forgetting those of dreadful acts which, though known to the authorities, have escaped the punishment of human laws, read, and shudder. No one can long hold office which brings him face to face with crime, without coming to the painful conclusion, however unwillingly, that there is nothing possible that man—man, or woman either—will not do. If a passion be once permitted to take a firm hold of the human mind, there is no gulf, however deep, into which that passion's slave may not be dragged.

It has been said of the police of France that its officers are better informed than those who sit in the confessional; for the guilty, whether of vice, baseness, or crime, do not tell their own story—which very few relate without adding, almost unconsciously, some favorable coloring—but have told for them by agents of every rank of life, who ate on the watch, and seem to have the receipt of fern-seed, and walk invisible. The French police was, in its season, under some of its chiefs it seemed omniscient. The universal knowledge and precision of the police at Paris, under the lieutenantcy of M. de Sartines, were exemplified by a story that made some impression at the time. A provincial magistrate of experience and talent, who was dining with the lieutenant, expressed his doubts as to the efficiency of the system, and declared his conviction that the machinery was far from being so complete as M. de Sartines believed it to be. His host assured him that he was mistaken; but, warmed by the good wine, he roundly asserted that he would be in the capital without the knowledge of M. de Sartines. The controversy ended by the guest backing his opinion with a wager, which M. de Sartines accepted; and the magistrate departed, saying, "he took leave of his host, that he was as sure of the lous which were staked, as if he had them in his purse. "We shall see," said M. de Sartines.

The magistrate left the city soon afterwards, and remained for some time in the country. He then took every precaution, disguised himself, and arrived alone, late at night, at an obscure hotel in the outskirts of Paris. After taking a slight refreshment he went to bed. Next morning, before he rose, he received from M. de Sartines a dinner invitation for that day.

But though the guilty seldom escaped, instances were not wanting of perpetrators of the most atrocious crimes eluding the grasp of the police to whom they were sometimes, though very rarely, unknown, till after they were beyond the reach of any human tribunal. One of these rare instances we shall now narrate.

In the year 1807, a working shoemaker named Picard, lived at Paris. On a Sunday, and dressed in his best holiday suit, the young and very nearly handsome bachelor presented himself to a small coffee-house keeper, his equal in rank and age, but richer, and unfavorably known for his envy of all who prospered around him.

Matthew Loupian, like Picard, was born at Nismes, like him had come to try his fortune in the great city, and had set up his establishment near the Place Saint Opportune, where he had very good custom. He was a widower, and had two children—something or other few Frenchmen have more—left to him by his deceased wife. Three of his neighbors and friends, all from the *departement du Gard*, were with him.

"What's all this?" said the master of the house, "Eh, Picard. How fine you are; one would declare that you were going to dance *les treilles*."

"I am going to do better, my Loupian: I am going to be married."

"And whom have you chosen to plant the matrimonial appendages on your head?" said one of the auditors, named Allut.

"Not the second daughter of your mother-in-law, for in that family they do it so clumsily that yours have broken through your hat."

"Yes, I count upon you all. I am going to the mayor's, and thence to the house of M. le Cure!" and away hurried Picard. Those whom he had left looked after him, and then at each other.

"Is he lucky, this droll?"

"He is a sorcerer."

"Such a beautiful, such a rich girl!"

"To be married to a cobbler!"

"And Tuesday is to be the marriage day."

"Yes, three days hence."

"I'll lay you a wager," said Loupian, with a black look, "that I will retard the fete."

"Why, what will you do?"

"Oh, a bit of sport."

"What, pray?"

"A charming plesantry. The commissaire is coming this way. I'll tell him that I suspect Picard of being an agent of the English; you understand! Upon this they will send for him, and interrogate him. He will be in a fright, and for eight days at least the marriage must wait."

"Loupian," said Allut, "this is beyond a joke: it is a bad game. You don't know Picard; if he finds you out, he is capable of revenging himself severely."

"Bah! bah!" said the others; "one must have some amusement in the carnival."

"As you please; but I warn you that I have nothing to do with it: every one to his taste."

"Oh," replied Loupian, sharply, "I don't wonder at thy head ornaments: thou art a rascal."

"I am an honest man—thou art an envious one. I shall live peaceably—thou wilt die wretchedly! Good night!"

With this, Allut turned on his heel; and as soon as he was gone the trio encouraged each other not to abandon so pleasant an idea; and Loupian, the inventor of the proposition, promised his friends to make them laugh a *ventre debout*. Two hours afterwards the commissary of police, before Loupian had let his tongue run, did his duty like a vigilant officer. Out of the *pratique* of the *cafetier* he composed a superb report in true commissary style, and handed it in to his superior. The fatal note was taken to the Due de Rovigo; it coincided with the revelations of the movements of La Vendee. No doubt Picard was the go between between the south and the west. He must be a person of importance, and his assumed trade only served as a mask to the gentleman of Languedoc. In short, in the night between Sunday and Monday, the unhappy Picard was apprehended in his chamber with such mystery that no one saw him depart, but from that day all trace of him was completely lost. His relations, his friends, could not obtain any tidings of him, and at last ceased to inquire about him.

"Time rolls its ceaseless course," 1814 arrives; the Imperial Government falls; and from the Castle of Fenestrolle descends, about the 15th of April, a man, bowed by suffering and age stricken, more by despair than by time. In seven years, one who knew him and looked upon him might say that he had lived half a century. But no one had lived him; for he does not recognize himself when, for the first time since his incarceration, he views himself in a looking-glass at the wretched inn of Fenestrolle.

This man, who in his prison went by the name of Joseph Lucher, had served, more like a son than a servant, a rich Milanese ecclesiastic, who, indignant at the conduct of his relatives, who had abandoned him in his affliction, in the hope that it would soon do its work, and leave them in possession of his great fortune, had not trusted them with the credits which he possessed in the Bank of Hamburg, nor with those which he had placed in the Bank of England. Moreover, he had deposited the chief portion of his domains to one of the great dignitaries of Italy, and the annual rent was payable to a banker in Amsterdam, who was charged to transmit the money to a wealthy prisoner.

This noble Italian, who died on the 4th of January, 1814, had made the poor Joseph Lucher the sole heir to about seven million francs of property, besides imparting to him the secret of a hidden treasure of about twelve hundred thousand francs in diamonds, and of at least three millions in specie, in the form of Milanese ducats, Venetian florins, Spanish pieces of eight, French louis, and English guineas.

Joseph Lucher, liberated at last, travelled rapidly towards Turin, and soon arrived at Milan. He acted with caution and prudence, and at the end of a few days found himself in possession of the treasure which he had come to seek, with the addition of antique gems and admirable cameos, all of the highest value.

From Milan, Joseph Lucher went to Amsterdam, Hamburg, and London in succession, and during this journey collected wealth sufficient for the coffers of a king. Moreover, Lucher instructed by his master and benefactor with regard to the secret springs of speculation, knew so well how to dispose of his property that, after reserving his diamonds and a million, he created an income of six hundred thousand francs, payable partly by the Bank of England, partly by the German Bank, the Bank of France, and that of Italy.

This done, he turned his face towards Paris, where he arrived on the 15th of February, 1815, eight years, day for day, after the disappearance of the unfortunate Picard.

Joseph Lucher, on the morning after his arrival at Paris, as he was without any following—without even a valet—caused himself to be taken to a *maison de sainte*. On the return of Napoleon, Lucher was still sick, and so continued during the detention of the emperor in the Isle of Elba. As long as Napoleon remained in France, the sick man postponed his convalescence; but when the second Restoration seemed definitely to have consolidated the monarchy—which appears to be as impossible in France as a republic—and to have firmly established Louis XVIII, the *habitus de la maison de sainte* quitted it, and bent his steps to the *quartier Saint-Opportune*.

There he heard of the disappearance— in the month of February, 1807—of an honest young shoemaker, about to be most advantageously married; but that a *pleasant party* of three of his friends had married him either fled, or been carried off. Finally, that no one knew what had become of him—and that his intended lamented him for two years—and then, fatigued with weeping, married the *cafetier*, Loupian, who, having by his marriage added greatly to his property, now possessed on the Boulevards one of the best frequented cafes in Paris.

Joseph Lucher heard this story with no further show of interest than what might be expected from such a narrative; but he inquired, naturally enough, what were the names of those pleasant people who were said to have caused the misfortune of the young shoemaker. His informants had forgotten the names of these persons.

"Nevertheless," added one of those whom the new comer interrogated, "there is a certain Antoine Allut, who boasted in my presence that he knew those of whom you speak."

"I knew a man named Allut in Italy; he was a native of Nismes."

"Of whom we are talking is also a native of Nismes."

"This Allut lent me a hundred crowns, and begged me to repay them, as soon as it was convenient, to his cousin Antoine."

"You can send the sum to him at Nismes, for he has retired there."

Next morning a *chaise de poste*, preceded by a courier, paid triple guides, flew rather than rolled on the road to Lyons. From Lyons, the carriage followed the Rhone by the Marseilles road, and quitted it at the bridge of the Holy Ghost. There an Italian abbe descended from the carriage for the first time since the commencement of the journey. He hired a small vehicle, went down to Nismes, and alighted at the well-known Hotel du Luxembourg, and at once inquired of the people what had become of Antoine Allut! This name, nearly as common in that country as "Smith" is in ours, is there borne by many families differing in rank, fortune, and religion; and some time elapsed before the individual who was the object of the visit of the Abbe Baldini was ascertained. At last the abbe found his man, was formally introduced, and, after certain preliminaries, informed Antoine that, being imprisoned at the Chateau de l'Euif, at Naples, for a political offence, he, the abbe, had become acquainted with an excellent companion, whose death, which took place in 1811, he deeply regretted.

"At this time," said the abbe, "he was a bachelor of some thirty years of age; and he expired, still lamenting his country for ever lost to him, but pardoning those of whom he had just right to complain. He was a native of Nismes—his name was Picard."

Allut could not suppress a cry. The abbe regarded him with an astonished look.

"You knew, then, this Picard?" said he to Allut.

"He was one of my good friends. Poor fellow! and he died far from his country, and in misery! But do you know the cause of his arrest?"

"He did not know it himself, and he attested his ignorance with such oaths that I cannot doubt that he knew it not."

Allut sighed heavily. The abbe continued—

"As long as he lived, one sole idea occupied his mind. He would, he said, give up his hopes of heaven to any one who would name the author or authors of his arrest. This fixed idea inspired Picard with the thought which found expression in the singular testamentary disposition which he made. But first, I ought to tell you that in the prison Picard had rendered remarkable services to an Englishman, a prisoner, as he was, who at his death left Picard a diamond worth at least fifty thousand francs."

"He was lucky," interrupted Allut. "Fifty thousand francs! It is a fortune!"

"When Picard," continued the abbe, "found himself on his death-bed, he caused me to be summoned, and said to me—'My end will be tranquil, if you promise to accomplish my wishes. Will you promise me?' 'I swear,' said I, 'to do so, persuaded that you will exact nothing contrary to honor and religion.' 'Nothing contrary to either,' said he; 'hear me, and you will judge for yourself. I never could discover the names of those who have plucked me in this place of torment; but I have had a revelation. A voice from heaven has declared to me that one of my compatriots, Antoine Allut, of Nismes, knows who denounced me. Go to him when your liberty shall be restored, and present him, on my behalf, with a diamond which I possess by the beneficence of Sir Herbert Newton; but I add one condition: it is, that on receiving the diamond from you, he will confide to you the names of those whom I regard as my assassins. When he shall have named them, you will return to Naples, and having inscribed their names on a plate of lead, you must place the plate in my tomb. Here are four thousand sequins for my burial in a church, and in a separate vault; here, too, are sixteen hundred sequins more for the expenses of your journey to Nismes—all this I possess from the beneficence of my dear master, Sir Herbert Newton.' Touched by pity, I solemnly swore to execute his wishes faithfully. He placed in my hands the diamond and the money, and died in peace. Prisoner though I was, I caused his desire to be fulfilled. He reposed at Naples, in the church of the Holy Ghost; and as soon as my liberty was restored to me, I came to France to acquit myself with fidelity of the engagement into which I had entered with your poor compatriot. Here am I, and here is the diamond."

As he uttered the last words, the Abbe Baldini waved his hand, and from his middle finger sparkled a solitary whose water, size and brilliancy announced its value. He had certainly not exaggerated when he spoke of this admirable stone being worth

fifty thousand francs, for if sold in a good market it would have brought at least from eighty to ninety thousand francs. Antoine Allut contemplated the brilliant with the eyes of a falcon; a cold sweat stood upon his brow; his mouth was tightly contracted; and as he made a gesture of rejection, the shudder which agitated his body showed what a combat between avarice and prudence raged in his heart.

At this moment his wife entered, with a visage that bore the unmistakable traces of recent and violent chagrin. She traversed the chamber with rapidity, and stopping short before her husband, who was still overwhelmed by the discourse of the Italian abbe—

"My man," said she, "you had better go hide yourself; and I may as well never show my face in the town again. Your brother and sister will crush us with the insolence of their fortune. Know that they have just received by the diligence a windfall of twenty thousand francs."

"Twenty thousand francs!" repeated her husband, in consternation; "and whence?"

"It is quite a history. Your brother, a year ago, saved from drowning a Dame who had come to see the Comte de Rantzau, at Avignon. The stranger, after thanking him, departed, and now this noble acknowledgment arrives all in the shape of beautiful louis d'or. Won't they be intolerable! Won't they look down upon us and crush us—your younger brother, my younger sister? Oh, I shall certainly die of grief!"

"And more especially, madame, at the moment when monsieur, your husband, refuses a legacy of fifty thousand francs at least, which a dying friend has left him," added the abbe.

"What! does he refuse fifty thousand francs?" cried the wife, with such a look and gesture as subdued or guilty husbands only can appreciate.

"Yes, at least, it seems to me," said the abbe quietly; and he recommended the recital of the story which he had already told, not without displaying the ring, which, nevertheless, quitted not his finger.

It would have required a different character from that possessed by Antoine Allut to defend himself against the terrible assault which had attacked him. Envious of others, like too many small and little-minded people, and also like too many great ones, the prosperity of his brother seemed to him an outrage on his poverty. His wife immediately ran to fetch a neighboring jeweller, who, having examined the stone, declared that he would give for it sixty-three thousand seven hundred and forty-nine francs eleven centimes, provided that they would take in deduction a charming *ferme ornee* producing an income of two thousand nine hundred and ninety francs, and which, to settle the affair, he would part with them at a valuation of fifty-five thousand francs.

The man and his wife appeared to be absolutely crazy with joy; and Madame Allut, especially, could not contain herself. She committed a thousand extravagances, and submitted to the operation with as good a grace as he could command. As for Antoine Allut, carried away by the unexpected flood of prosperity, he at once acknowledged that he knew and would declare the names required—not, however, without a cold fit of hesitation and a secret feeling of terror. But his wife was there—at his dictation the abbe wrote the following names: GERVAS CHAUDARD, GUILHEM SOLARI, MATTHIEU LOUPIAN.

The ring was now handed to Allut, and, upon the terms proposed, became the property of the jeweller, who settled the business upon the spot, and four months afterwards, to the eternal despair of Allut and his wife, sold the gem to a Turkish merchant for a hundred and two thousand francs.

Of all the malignant passions, revenge alone involves pleasurable sensations, short-lived as they are. Envy, anger, hatred, and the rest, are all accompanied by pain; but it has passed into a proverb that revenge is sweet.

Difference of price in the mercantile world, especially if it be sudden, often occasions strange changes. One speculator rises on the ruin of another. He who yesterday revelled in pomp and luxury becomes a pauper to-day. He who is unknown and despised one week—especially in bubble-time—shines a millionaire in the next. In the case before us, the difference caused a murder, and the ruin of Allut and his wife. The jeweller was found in his suspicion arising, Allut and his wife were sought for, they were nowhere to be found. Time wore on the murderers of the jeweller never brought to justice, and the last that was heard of Allut and his wife was that they were living in wretchedness in Greece.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

A MEXICAN BAROMETER.—On board the Mexican steamer is a barometer of the most simple construction, but the greatest accuracy. It consists only of a long strip of cedar, very thin, about two and a half feet in length, about an inch wide, cut with the grain, and set in a block, or foot. This cedar strip is backed, or lined, with one of white pine, cut across the grain, and the two are tightly glued together. To bend these when dry is to snap them, but on the approach of bad weather the cedar curls over until the top at times touches the ground. This simple instrument is the invention of a Mexican guitar maker, and its accuracy that it will indicate the coming of a "Northern fall twenty-four hours before any other kind of barometer known on the coast. Had this been the production of Yankee ingenuity it had been patented long ago, and a fortune made by its inventor.—*Mobile Register*, March 4.

An extensive planter who has recently examined a large number of plantations in the parish of St. Mary's, La., assures the New Orleans Bee that the prospect of the next sugar crop is magnificent, and was never finer than at present.

From the New York Evening Post.

### Supreme Court of the United States.

The dangers apprehended from the organic tendencies of the Supreme Court to engross the legislative power of the federal government, which Jefferson foresaw and so often warned his countrymen against, are no longer imaginary. They are upon us. The decisions rendered by that body yesterday, in the case of a negro who had appealed to it for assistance in asserting his right to share the promises of the Declaration of Independence, has struck at the very roots of the past legislative policy of this country in reference to slavery. It has changed the very blood of the Constitution, from which we derive our political existence, and has given to our government a direction and a purpose as novel as it is barbarous and humiliating.

In the first place, it has annihilated, at a single blow, the citizenship of the entire colored population of the country, and with it all laws and constitutional provisions of the different States for the protection of those rights.

In the next place, it has stripped Congress of a power to exclude slavery from the territories, which has been exercised by every President of the United States from Washington down to Fillmore; and which has had an effect in shaping the political and domestic institutions of more than half the territory of the United States. The ordinance of 1787, with the passage or defence of which the names of the most eminent American statesmen have been imperishably associated, is not only pronounced unconstitutional, but the power to enact any law which contemplates a restriction upon the right to buy, hold and sell slaves in our territories is distinctly denied.

Nor is this all. The doctrine which has been recognised wherever the common law prevails, since the days of Lord Mansfield, that when a slave is taken by his master into the jurisdiction of a State which prohibits slavery, he is from that moment free, is not only set aside, but the power is denied to the State of this Union to prohibit masters bringing slaves within their jurisdiction, provided they do not enter it with the intention of establishing a permanent residence there.

All of these positions are now in the judicial history of the country; the law in reference to all of them was settled by a long line of judicial decisions by the highest tribunals of the several States, and until within the last twelve years was regarded as much beyond the reach of controversy as the right of the people of the United States to a republican form of government. If precedent, usage, public acquiescence could hallow any doctrines of constitutional interpretation, then were those doctrines hallowed which have been ruthlessly subverted by the Supreme Court.

It is with feelings of more than ordinary solemnity that we record the decision, for its consequences are beyond the reach of human calculation. We are not so much concerned at the invasion of the laws and constitution of the country, both of which it accomplishes—for the American people, we have no doubt, will take care of their rights in spite of the Supreme Court—as we are, in being forced to the melancholy conviction that the moral authority and consequent usefulness of that tribunal under its present organization, is seriously impaired, if not destroyed.

The time which is chosen for this judicial revolution—just after the adjournment of that department of the government most injured by the decision, and at the commencement of a new administration, when all the patronage of the nation can be used to the best advantage in reconciling the people to its doctrines—shows, when taken in connection with the doctrines themselves, and the constitution of the court, that a majority of its members have consented to become parties to a combination with the administration to transfer the political control of this government to the hands of the slave oligarchy, beyond the possibility of a recovery by the free States of their fair share of influence.

So long as the subject was within the range of Congressional action, so long the voice of the people could be heard, and their wishes could impress the legislation of the country. To get the subject beyond the reach of these influences; to make every judicial tribunal in the nation and every lawyer a sworn ally of slavery propagation, it was only necessary to secure the co-operation of the Supreme Court, and that has been done. A conspiracy has been entered into of the most treasonable character; the justices of the Supreme Court and the leading members of the new administration are parties to it. One who runs may read the evidence of it in every revelation from the capital.

Of course the moment this conviction takes possession of the public mind, there is an end of the Supreme Court; for a judicial tribunal, which is not rooted in the confidence of the people, will soon either be disregarded as an authority or overturned.

Which of these fates is in store for the court at Washington, we do not care now to speculate about—perhaps both; one thing, however, is perfectly certain—that its ancient and proper authority with the people and with Congress is gone beyond recovery. The last objection to the election of the judges of this court by the people is now removed. Its members have long borne but an indifferent reputation for learning and ability, but it has been usual to concede to their independence and insensibility to the political influences which swayed the other branches of the government. It now appears that they are a branch of the Executive, and like the famous *Lits de Justice* of France before the revolution, merely assist in lending a judicial sanction to the policy dictated by the Executive or his advisers from the other end of the capital. Such an alliance will not be permitted to continue.

From the New Haven (Conn.) Register.

### Constitutional Law.

The Supreme Court of the United States have decided that the African race, whether slave or free, are not citizens of the United States within the meaning of the Constitution. It was decided the same way several years ago, by the Superior Court of Connecticut, in the *Prudence Crandall* case, the late Judge Daggert being then on the bench, and pronouncing the judgment of the Court. So that this Connecticut law has now been adopted by the highest judicial tribunal of the country, as the constitutional law of the United States, Mr. Marcy, the late Secretary of State, came to the same conclusion, when applied to for passports for a company of negro minstrels going abroad. He gave them certificates of their being inhabitants or residents of the United States, but not as citizens, in the constitutional sense of that term. He took the same view as Judge Daggert had taken. Some of the political priesthood, who undertake to make laws and constitutions for the whole country, through the columns of the *N. Y. Independent*, and other kindred prints, were very indignant at Secretary Marcy's decision, and the Rev. Mr. Kelloch, of Boston, was particularly shocked at the official wickedness that could so determine. The same reverend gentleman will no doubt send forth a fresh fulmination at the Supreme Court, for their decision, whenever the Jury that have him now in charge shall restore him to his pulpit. There are probably some others nearer home, who will not let the opportunity slip for waiting and gnashing their teeth over a decision which does not recognise blacks as being on the same footing as to citizenship with the whites—though they have been sleeping over the same law in Connecticut for the last quarter of a century, without ever dreaming of being disturbed by it.

In the same case, the Supreme Court have decided further—that Congress has no authority under the Constitution to legislate on the subject of slavery in the Territories, either to establish it or exclude it. This leaves each territorial community free to determine that question for itself, when it forms its own Constitution, and becomes a member of the family of States, united under our constitutional system. It fully sustains the course taken by Messrs. Toucey and Ingersoll, in voting for the Nebraska Kansas bill, and for which Senator Toucey was hung in effigy, and both were vilified and abused without stint by the abolition presses and electioneers. Will those who were so abusive then, now turn upon the Supreme Court, and hang them in effigy too, with the venerable Chief Justice Taney at their head? Or will they, with Garrison and his gang, denounce General Washington and those who worked with him in building up the Constitution of the United States? We incline to think they will take the latter course.

Henry Ward Beecher, a year ago, said in the North Church of this city, that it was the Constitution itself that was "the father and fountain" of our troubles—and that it was to be blown up like the fortresses at Sebastopol, scattering bombs and rocks and broken fragments in all directions. His followers, with all their hatred to the Constitution, have more recently taken the name of the "Union party," the better to hide their designs. But their "Union" principles have held fellowship with Garrison, Parker and Phillips, and when an election has pressed hard this trio come here to enlighten us. They have already sowed the seeds, and are looking out for the future harvest.

SHAME! SHAME! SHAME!—The Boston Chronicle, an authorized organ and exponent of Massachusetts "Republican"ism, commenting upon the Dred Scott decision, holds the following outrageous language:

"Attorney-General Cushing and Chief Justice Taney passed compliments to each other on the occasion of the retirement of the former from office. It is a great misfortune that the Supreme Court cannot be got rid of as easily as Cushing. A majority of its members are as great scoundrels as he is, and that is the worst as well as the truest thing that can be said of them."

The Boston Atlas (another Republican Journal) employs epithets quite as revolting. It speaks of the Judges as men whose names are in the same category as that of Arnold, the Traitor.

We know it has been common hitherto with the Abolitionists to call the Constitution "an atrocious bargain," and the Union itself "a league with death and a covenant with hell," but we believe that they have never till now ventured so far as to stigmatize the venerable Judges of the Supreme Court great scoundrels!—*New York Herald*.

The late decision, or rather the series of decisions, of the Supreme Court of the United States in the Dred Scott case, is of more vital importance in reference to the settlement of the slavery question than any or all the other acts and proceedings on the subject—legislative or judicial, State or Federal—since the organization of the General Government.

This Supreme and final tribunal in the interpretation of the constitution and the laws, has decreed that negroes or men of the African race, whether bond or free, are not citizens of the United States; that the ordinance of 1787 was superseded by the Constitution; that the Missouri Compromise of 1820 was an unconstitutional act; that slaveholders have the right to carry their slaves into the Territories; that the legal condition of a slave in a slave State is not affected by his temporary sojourn in a free State; and that Congress has no power over the question of slavery in a Territory, and cannot delegate any power over the subject to the Territorial Legislatures.

The importance and comprehensive bearings of these decisions cannot be over-estimated—they cover all the disturbing party and sectional issues upon the slavery controversy, and strike at the root of the mischief in every case.

From the New Haven (Conn.) Register.

### Constitutional Law.

First, the supreme judicial tribunal of the Union decides that, according to the Constitution, negroes are not citizens, whether free men or slaves. In other words, ours is the white man's Constitution, and the negro as a citizen is absolutely ignored. The consequence is, that all the existing Constitutions and laws of the several States elevating negroes to the rights and privileges of citizenship are null and void; for, in this authoritatively declared meaning of the Constitution, to be a citizen of a State is to be a citizen of the United States, inasmuch as the Constitution expressly ordains (Art. 4, sec. 2) that the "citizens of each State shall be entitled to all the privileges and immunities of citizens in the several States." This decision, therefore, settles the old difficulty between Massachusetts and South Carolina concerning the free colored citizen Cooks and seaman of the former, treated only as dangerous free negroes upon entering ports of the latter State. The decision is against Massachusetts and her free colored citizens, and in favor of South Carolina.

The decisions concerning the Federal ordinance of 1820, establish the full validity of the Kansas-Nebraska bill, as the true constitutional policy in regard to slavery in the Territories. The decision concerning slaves in transitu through a free State, or the temporary sojourn of a Southern slave in a free State, settles the Lemmon case, and all cases like that of Mr. Wheeler, of North Carolina, whose slaves, at Philadelphia, were so unceremoniously spirited away; and in all such cases the supreme decree is decisive of the slaveholder's constitutional rights to his slave property.

But the most important of these supreme decisions, in a political party view, is the judgment that Congress has no power, and can delegate no power, over the question of slavery in the Territories. This decision, at a single blow, slays the anti-slavery platform of the late great Northern Republican party into atoms. The policy of legislating slavery into Kansas and the other Territories of the Union by Congress will no longer avail them. Congress has no power in the premises. That is settled. What was in doubt is in doubt no longer. The supreme law is expounded by the supreme authority, and disobedience is rebellion, treason and revolution. The Republican party henceforth must choose between submission and revolution—loyalty or treason to the Government. The gall and bitterness of the New York Tribune are betrayed in its mad assertion that these vital and fatal decisions of our Supreme Judges are "entitled to just so much moral weight as would be the judgment of a majority of those congregated in any Washington bar-room." But this madness of our Seward organs will avail nothing. The only alternative to the anti-slavery factions of the North, from the Garrison to the Seward and original Van Buren factions, is loyalty or treason, submission or rebellion.

Unquestionably this bombshell from the Supreme Court, together with the inaugural address and the Cabinet of the new administration, will at once re-open the slavery agitation in all its length and breadth; but henceforth slavery in the Territories is an issue which must be decided by the laws of climate, products, races, and the natural laws of our population and emigration; for Congress henceforth can have nothing to do with the subject. Man-time, the new administration, relieved of the precedents of the Missouri Compromise, the Wilmot Proviso, and all other unconstitutional laws and proceedings of the Government during the last forty years on the slavery question, has its course plainly and authoritatively marked out. In this respect Mr. Buchanan is particularly fortunate, and his administration will, we dare say, be singularly satisfactory and successful for the people ever loyal to the Constitution and the laws.

### A Family Sewing Machine.

A cheap family sewing machine has long been a desideratum for the price at which the machines now in market are held has placed them beyond the reach of families generally. To supply the want, a ten dollar machine was introduced some months ago, but unfortunately it infringed upon existing patents, and the sale has been, as we understand, stopped by injunction. Recognising the want of a sewing machine which shall be within the reach of every family, Mr. S. F. Pratt, of this city, has invented and perfected a beautiful machine, which combines simplicity, strength and cheapness, and which, from a thorough examination and trial, we predict will come into general use. We have one of these machines, which has now been in operation almost daily for three weeks, and although it has been used by inexperienced hands, it continues in perfect order, and does excellent work. From the simplicity of its construction, and the perfection of the movements, it is not liable to get out of repair, and we can see no reason why it will not run for years. Another advantage of this machine is, that ordinary spool thread may be used without re-winding. It will sew woolen, cotton or linen, and will embroider admirably with the chain stitch. It is the intention of the maker to test every machine before it is sold upon lined cloth, which is the most severe test a sewing machine can be put to. We congratulate the public upon the introduction of this machine, having the utmost confidence that it will supply the want of a good and cheap family sewing machine. It will be sold for \$12, \$15 and \$25. The twelve and fifteen dollar machines work by hand. The former has an iron, and the latter a brass and steel stand. The twenty-five dollar machine is mounted upon a neat bronzed stand, and works with a treadle. The hand machines will sew about four hundred stitches per minute. The foot machines can probably be run at the rate of twelve to fifteen hundred stitches per minute.

[Boston Journal.]

It is said that Hon. James B. Clay, son of Henry Clay, has declined the mission to Berlin, tendered him by President Buchanan,

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